

O D E

ON THE

Powers of Eloquence.

Vis Eloquentiæ tanta est, ut omnium Rerum, Virtutum, Officiorum, omnisque Naturæ, quæ Mores Hominum quæ Animos quæ Vitam continet, Originem, vim, Mutationesque, teneat; eadem Mores, Leges, Jura, describat, Rempublicam regat, omnia quæ ad quamcumque Rem pertineant ornate copioseque dicat. CIC. De Orat. Lib. 3.

L O N D O N,

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(Price One Shilling.)

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L O N D O N

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(The Octavo)

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P O W E R S O F E L O Q U E N C E .

T O T H E R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

W I L L I A M M U R R A Y E s q ;

The King's Attorney General.

I.

WHEN *Philip's* Arms thro *Greece* their Terrors spread,
And shak'd *Ilyffus* in his oozy Bed,
While Slaughter in the Front chas'd abject Fear,
And Chains, and Blood, and Torture, fill'd the Rear,
When *Philip's* Gold with dire Contagion ran
Thro all the States, and sap'd the Heart of Man,

From

From Virtue's Call diverted old and young,
 Unnerv'd the strong, and ty'd the venal Tongue,
 Say, *Murray*, say, for thou can'st tell the Pow'r
 Which rous'd the Nations in the perilous Hour,
 What Dreams, what Signs, what Oracle, what God,
 Mov'd the fierce *Greeks* to break the Tyrant's Rod?
 No visionary Forms by Day or Night,
 No bleeding Entrails, or propitious Flight,
 No Answer from the Groves, or Delphic Shrine,
 No *Pallas* arm'd, but Eloquence like thine.
 In vain the Trumpet early wakes the Day,
 In vain is hear'd of War the dreadful Bray,
 In vain the warlike Steed starts at the Sound,
 And neighs with Mane erect, and paws the Ground,
 And all in vain blazes *Minerva's* Shield,
 While the proud *Macedonian* keeps the Field;
 All *Greece* was ready to receive the Yoke,
 Till like a God th' *Athenian* Pleader spoke.

II.

When the Bacchanalian Fife
 Calls to Merriment and Joy,
 Wine and Beauty are at Strife
 Which shall most your Thoughts employ:
 Ranging over Hill and Dale,
 Ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Vale,

Witness to your wanton Play :
Follow, follow, come along,
Follow *Bacchus*, crys the Song,
Hasten to the Rites away.*

Where is the Blush of Shame, ye impious Train,
Ye minstrel Crew who listen to the Voice
Of ev'ry Syren's soft and Lydian Strain,
Whom Revels and nocturnal Feasts rejoice ?

Dear, O! dear, the Price ye pay
For your rosy Crowns, and Bow'rs ;
Sighs succeed the spritely Lay,
Woeful Years to joyful Hours :
If ye would the Danger shun,
Bravely into Danger run :
To preserve a spotless Name,
With Resentment and Disdain
Throw aside the golden Chain ;
Arm for Liberty and Fame.

III.

Thus spoke the Sage ; and from their Minds,
Like Leaves before autumnal Winds,
Their venal Inclination flew :

B

Dis honourable

* Τι δὲ ποτε, ὦ Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, νομιζέτε τὴν μὲν τῶν Παναθηναίων ἑορτὴν καὶ τὴν τῶν Διονυσίων αἰετὶ καὶ καθ' ἑκαστὸν χρόνον γινέσθαι, &c. *Why*, says *Demosthenes* in his first *Philippic*, *ATHENIANS*, do ye think all Times lawful and convenient to celebrate the Festivals of *MINERVA* and of *BACCHUS*, &c. and then he proceeds to reproach them with the Neglect of their Navy and of the Opportunities of making Use of it: he endeavours in all his *Philippics*, and, indeed in his other Orations, to warn his Countrymen of the fatal Effects of Luxury and Corruption, and to rouse them to a Sense of their Danger from *Philip* of *Macedon*, and to induce them to arm, in Defence of their Liberty, against the common Enemy who was then aiming at a universal Monarchy.

Dishonourable Fear gave Way
 Like Night to the Approach of Day,
 When all th' Horizon opens to our View.
 With Safety o'er the swelling Tydes
 The Bark the skilful Pilot guides,
 With Safety gains the well known Shore :
 The gallant Chief his Army leads
 Where Honour calls and Valour bleeds,
 The Glory of his Country to restore :
 Where Falsehood lurks, and Peril lyes,
 Are best detected by the wise ;
 They see Security and Truth :
 To them the Provinces belong
 To fix the Pale of Right and Wrong,
 Age to convince, and bridle erring Youth :
 But where's the Pow'r that rules the Soul,
 That can our Griefs or Joys controul,
 Where is that Energy divine,
 Sov'reign of all the human Race,
 The Queen of univerfal Space,*
 Where, *Murray*, where ? 'Tis Eloquence like thine.

IV.

Wisdom and Truth are the celestial Springs
 Of what the Pleader speaks or Poet sings :

As

* Flexanima, atque omnium Regina Rerum, Oratio. Cic. *De Orat.* Lib. 2.

As Woods the Hills, as Flow'rs the Vales, adorn,
 As the Sun gilds with saffron Robes the Morn,
 Expression gives to Truth resistless Arms,
 And to fair Wisdom adds unfading Charms ;
 That breaks the Point of Envy's poy's'nous Dart,
 And pours the Balm into th' afflicted Heart ;
 That calms the Breast, or fills it with Surprise,
 And draws the Current from the Tyrant's Eyes.
 He, who 'e'rewile return'd with Glory crown'd,
 And march'd in Triumph thro the sacred Ground,
 Whom *Rome* decreed her Axes and her Rods,
 And shew'd a Conqu'ror to his Country's Gods,
 Before the grand Tribunal now appears,
 Loaded with Sorrows and the Weight of Years :
 While his bare Bosom shews his manly Scars,
 The Marks of Honour in the Field of *Mars*,
 The venerable Consul waits from *Rome*
 His future Freedom, or an Exile's Doom :
 While the great Spokesman for *Aquilius* pleads,
 And, pointing to his Wounds, relates his Deeds,
 Malice away, with all her Scorpions, creeps,
 And *Marius*, iron-hearted *Marius*, weeps.*

As

* Cum C. Marius Mœrorem Orationis meæ præfens ac sedens multum Lachrymis suis adjuvaret. CIC. *De Orat.* Lib. 2. Cicero there relates the Circumstances which I here introduce of the Tryal of *Aquilius*, who was defended by *Anthony* the illustrious Orator.

V.

As from *Troy's* capacious Steed*
 None but mighty Leaders came,
 Mortals of heroic Breed,
 Sons of Gods, and Sons of Fame,
 From the Schools of Eloquence
 Flow the Streams which feed the Sense,
 All that can th' Affections bind;
 From those sacred Fountains rise
 All that's lovely, all that's wise,
 Thence the Nectar of the Mind:
 Near to the Muse's Font are these ally'd,
 To one immortal Source they owe their Birth,†
 Like *Thame* and *Isis* flow one blended Tyde,
 Untasted by the grosser Sons of Earth.

Like the Gold which Fire refines,
 Wisdom by Expression dress'd,
 As it more resplendent shines,
 Takes Possession of the Breast.
 Seek, ye dull and fordid Train,
 Seek the potent Stone in vain,

Mix

* This noble Simile is used by *Cicero*, in his second Book *de Oratore*, to the Honour of *Isocrates*: *ecce tibi*, says he, *exortus est ISOCRATES, cujus e Ludo, tanquam ex Equo Trojano, innumeri Principes exierunt.*

† *Finitimus Oratori Poeta.* *Cic. De Orat. Lib. i.* And, in the same Book, in *Oratore autem Acumen Dialecticorum, Sententiæ Philosophorum, Verba prope Poetarum, &c.* And, in Book the third, *omnis loquendi Elegancia augetur legendis Oratoribus et Poetis.*

Mix the renovating Bowl,
 This the Alchymy of Life,
 This to Love conciliates Strife,
 This from Error turns the Soul!

VI.

Fair Truth with Dignity exprefs'd,*
 Like *Venus* by the Graces dress'd,
 Takes, thro th' admiring Eye, the Heart;
 Her first Approach the Bosom warms,
 Her Look, her ev'ry Motion, charms,
 At last she Captive leads the nobler Part:
 On Merit she bestows Renown
 More lasting than the regal Crown;
 To Beauty she Duration gives;
 Her Cheeks no Wrinkles shall deform,
 Her Roses shall defy the Storm;
 Thus *Hellen* blooms, and *Portia's* Virtue lives.
 The Virgin to the Voice of Praise
 Delighted her Attention pays;
 Obedient to the sov'reign Call,
 She sends her Wishes from her Eyes,
 Becomes of Eloquence the Prize,
 And to the prosp'rous Bridegroom gives up all.

C

Whate'er

* In suadendo Nihil est optabilius quam Dignitas. Cic. *De Orat.* Lib. 2:

Whate'er the pleasing Tales of old
 Have of the Nymph *Pandora* told,
 Adorn'd by ev'ry Pow'r divine,
 In whom the Majesty of *Jove*
 Was soften'd by the Queen of Love,
 Is, *Murray*, seen in Eloquence like thine.

The E N D.



